

# HUNTINGTON Divertisement,

OR, AN

# ENTERLUDE.

For the Generall Entertainment at the  
County-Feast, Held at Merchant  
Taylors Hall, *June 20. 1678.*

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Licenced, *May 16. 1678.* ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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L O N D O N

Printed by J. Benner, 1678.

Washington  
Divergence

ENTERED

For the General's Department of the



County of Merchaunt



Received, April 16, 1963, from the University of California, San Diego, La Jolla, California.

И О Д У О Т

Printed by J. Bennett 1878.

The Nobility, and the Most Generous  
Gentry, that are pleased to Grace this  
Annual Festivity with their Presence.

O Ur due Resentment of your kinde presence at this our Annuall Convention, animated us to a Resolution for some Novel Divertissement, as our gratefull Testimony for such your Noble and Candid Favours; It is an Embryo of a short Conception, and therefore cannot be expected capable of a perfect formation; Nor was it ever designed to be duly modelled into the Dimensions of Acts and Scenes, as ought to become a Theatre, but only for a small Fascicle of Rustick-Drollery, intermixt with some Serious Reflections of the happinesse of your Rurall Life; and  
to

to Invite your benign Thoughts for the  
Good of this County. As it is, it im-  
ploreth your favourable Patronage, and  
was intended to have been now fully Per-  
sonated; but finding too many Difficulties  
to occur, beyond our Expectation, and our  
time but short, we could only procure the  
Representation of part of it; and must  
therefore fly to your good nature for  
Refuge; as confident, that our good inten-  
tion will finde your Serene Acceptation,  
which is all the Ambition of,

Your most humble Servant,

June 20. 1678.

W. M.  
the happinesse of your Rural Life; and  
some serious Reflections of  
a small Faisicle of English Dollers, in-  
ought to become a Theatre, but only for  
to the Dimensions of Acts and Scenes, as  
was it ever designed to be duly modelled in-  
a perfect formation; for  
Conception, and therefore cannot be ex-  
did Favours; It is an Emphoy of a short  
Testimony for such your Noble and Can-  
Your most humble Servant,



# Actors Names.

## The Scene *Hinching-Brook, Grove-Fields* and Meadows.

*Sir Feofry Doe-right.*

Justice of Peace, a grave, serious Gentleman, in a black or sad-colour'd Habit.

*Generous Goodman.*

A sober, plain Gentleman, in a Cloth Suit.

*Stalwart Student.*

An Alderman of *Hantington*, in an honest and plain habit.

*Ralph, Sons to*

1. In an hunting-habit like *Sir Fopling*.

*Richard, Sir*

2. In a plain habit like a young Gentleman.

*Thomas, Feofry*

3. In a plain habit like a young Scholar.

*Theophilus Allen well,*

Nephew to *Sir Feofry*, a young Student in black.

*Tom. Clod-brain.*

A Country-Farmer, of a morose temper, in a plain habit, without a band, and a fork in his hand.

*Carrier and his boy.*

In a Frize coat, with a broad leathern girdle; a Monmoth-cap button'd up on one side, a Sea Neck-cloth, a whip in his hand, old dirty boots on his legs, with a packet of *Letters*.

*Constable.*

A very plain Country-fellow.

*Huntsmen.*

With bow and arrows, and two hounds.

*Clad in green, with horns*

2. With two greyhounds, and a hare at his back.

*and hunting-staffs.*

With a Fox-dog, and two Coneys at his back.

*Dick, Harry,*

3. Country-Servants with forks.

*Fack, Young Fellow*

Like a sneaking Country-Taylor.

*Will.*

*Will. Cutler.*

A Fool or Changeling, Elderly, with  
a muzz'd beard, and a Muchender,  
in a long Coat, and a Pig under  
his arm, in a long garter, and a  
cake of Gingerbread in his hand.

*Musicians.*

*Anthony.*

A poor blinde Fidler.

*A Boy.*

In a Livery attending on *Ralph.*

*2. or 3. other poor Boys.*

*Huntingtonia.*

Lady Guardian of the County, richly  
habited, like *Diana*, in green and  
silver;

*2. Nymphs. viz.*

2. Little Damosells, with Lawrell-  
wreaths, and palm-boughs in their  
hands, and Garlands of roses on  
their heads.

2. Like Huntresses, with Spears, and  
hair loose in plaits.

2. Like Amazons, with Bows and  
Arrows, and their hair behinde in  
a knot.

2. Like Shepherdesses, in straw-hats,  
with Pastorall Crooks.

2. Wool-carder } In plain headcloths  
and handkerchiefs  
about their necks.

2. Spinner. } In plain decent habit,  
with a white hood,  
knitting stockings,

2. Lace-maker Making bone-lace.

*Dorothy.*

A plain Motherly Woman, the Fa-  
mers Wife, in a hat, with an house-  
wife-like dresse.

*Margery.*

A Milk-maid with green stock-  
ings.

*3. Women.*

2. Like a Chamber-maid, with  
black hood and black gown.

2. Like an house-maid.

2. Like hay-makers, in straw-hats,  
smock-sleeves or loose white coats.

*Enter*

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Jeofry Doe-Right, in a serious posture, speculating the Elements, and with Horace's Odes in his hand*  
*Attended by his Nephew, Theophilus Mean-Well*

Break of Day, Or Sun-rising

*Sir Jeofry.*

**T**He Night is vanisht and the Spangled Spheres  
 Veyl'd from our eyes; blushing Aurora wears  
 Her Morning dresse, and summons us to pay  
 Our thanks to Heav'n for this approaching day.

How th'pretty airy Choristers do raise  
 Their Charming notes to th' Great Creatours praise  
 Whilst sluggish Man lyes snoring in his Bed  
 As if his Soul were not asleep, but dead.

*Theoph.* What pregnant Odours these sweet valleys yield  
 How lovely is the prospect of that field?

With what delicious fragancy each flower?

Breaths its perfume for th' late refreshing shower

As if th' sole duty of its life were to be

A daily sacrifice to th' Deity;

Whilst Man, ingrateful Man, can hardly spare

(Early or late) one Minute unto prayer.

*Sir Jeofry.* What unknown Blisse, what singular content

Attends this happy Rural Banishment?

Whilst Courts and Cities hide their Joy and Glory

(At best) but weak, short liv'd, and transitory;

Subject to Ebbs and Floods; maintain'd with care,

And often terminating in despair.

So that what's entertain'd for a Delight

And hug'd in th' Morn, rarely survives a night;

But, here, secure We sleep, and freely breathe

From th' first hour of our Birth to th' last of Death;

Neither ambitious nor envious Arts

Dare scalle the peripherie of our Hearts:

Love, peace and unity do only reign

Within the Territory of our Brain.

(63)  
**Enter Generous Goodman**

*Gener.* Sir *Feofry* ! Good Morrow !

*Sir Feofr.* Th' same to You Sir.

*Gener.* Your early zeal condemns the Rising Sun  
Of too much sloth ; as if you did intend  
To catch the Muses napping.

*Sir Feofr.* Did You know  
The pleasures of an early Contemplation,  
You'd never let *Aurora* blush to finde  
You drowfy on your Bed ; But rise and spend  
Some short ejaculations ; how the night  
Disbands her sparkling troops at the approach  
Of the ensuing day, when th' gray-ey'd sky  
Ushers the golden signals of the Morn ;  
Whilst the Magnanimous Cock with joy proclaims  
The sun's illustrious Cavalcade ; Your thoughts  
Would ruminare on all the Works of Heav'n,  
And th' various dispensations of its power :  
Our Predecessors better did improve  
The pretious Minutes of the Morn, then we,  
Their lazy successors ; Their practice taught  
And left us th' Good Proverbiall ; That to Rise  
Early makes all men, healthy, wealthy, Wise.

*Gener.* Your practice Sir, merits our Imitation :  
Where the least particle of Night and Day  
's improv'd to th' best advantage ; whilst Your soul  
Unclog'd from the Dross of Melancholick Cares  
Makes every place a *Paradise*.

*Sir Feofr.* 'Tis true,  
I bless my lucky stars, whose kinde aspects  
Have fixt me in this solitude, my youth  
Past through the Tropicks of each fortune, I  
Was made her perfect Tennis Ball ; her smiles  
Now made me rich and honour'd ; then her frowns  
Dasht all my Joys, and blasted all my hopes ;  
Till weary'd by such interchange of weather  
In Court and City, I at length confin'd  
All my Ambition to the Golden Mean.

The *Aquinoſtiall* of my fate ; I amend  
 The Errours of my life by a Good End.  
*Gener.* Your Resolution's admirable ; this  
 Pleasant retirement ſeems to be design'd  
 By Nature fit for ſpeculation.

*Theoph.* Here

The flowry valley's ; there the riſing Hills  
 Capt with green Velvet ; Here the ſhady Groves,  
 There the pluſh mantled Meads ; and velvet plains,  
 Here th' Murmuring ſprings glide in their trembling Rills  
 T' diſburſe their treaſure into th' neighbouring ſtreams ;  
 Which by its Meandrizing courſe takes care  
 T' infituate its favours every where ;  
 Here th' Lennets play on th' flageller ; there ſits  
 The Warbling *Philomela* ; Here th' pretty Lambs  
 Sport in their innocence with th' tender Dams ;  
 There the Cows and Calves in th' Cows-lip-paſture graſe ;  
 So that all the glorious Objects now in ſight  
 Keep harmony to glut *Mans* with delight.

*Sir Feofr.* This rurall ſequeſtration, Sir, affords  
 More reall happineſſe, then Reason can  
 Expect from any other ſtate of life,  
 And ( as a Copy of th' *Elyſian* Bliffe )  
 Delights in peace, and a tranquil Repoſe,  
 Free from th' obſtreperous tumults of the World ;  
 So that th' Fore-fathers judg'd this place to be  
 A proper ſeat for *Virgin-Sanctity*.

My fancy lately did direct my Eye  
 On that applauſe which noble *Horace* gave  
 This rurall Sequeſtration in his *Odes* ;  
 And my exact Experiments have found  
 Each ſentence perfect Truth ; it may deſerve  
 Your due inſpection. ( reads 3 or 4 lines. )

*Gener.* I remember't well,  
 Nor would I change my Country freedom for gain  
 A petty Kingdome,

*Theoph.* 'T doth indeed excell ;  
 And, below Heav'n admits no parallel ;  
 For, here, th' uncumber'd ſoul, from the ſtuff  
 Of 's Reason, ſeems to live above the Earth.



Dr. Profr. Prichet! Reimithat Sonnet: you compass'd the  
 Yesterday Morning, Nephilim's life by a Coon  
 Gener. Pray let's take it limbs a swim  
 The Sonnet on The Country Life.

The Sonnet on The Country Life.

1. Happy's the peasant, whose indulgent care  
 Hath fix'd him in his rural seat;  
 Secure from all the busy Cares of Town  
 Whose breath nor clogs with jealousies of frowns;  
 Nor water-gain with the Brine of Tears  
 Nor tortured with desires gain'd by his Meandering  
 T' indulge his favours every where.
2. He takes delight to whiffled his Plough  
 T' hear the Lark's bleat; the Oxen low  
 To count his flock of Sheep; with  
 Admiring all the pretty Birds, whose warbling throats  
 Chant Music in harmonious notes  
 To lull his sense asleep with wondrous  
 strains of sweet melodious lullation.
3. He studies the nature of the flowers and trees  
 The polittick Government of the Bees  
 The Ants laborious Trades;  
 How the Sun, Moon, Stars, in glorious Order move  
 To charm his sense, and to his Love  
 Such thoughts inspire his Brains;  
 A proper feast for his brain's feast.
4. He resembles not at the Seas insatiate  
 When 'tis billows heave a self-engulfed  
 And threaten Wars to the  
 Who recreates himself by the murmuring Rills  
 In the humble Poles of the  
 And this is his felicity.
5. Nor dost thou find this thy food or thy delight  
 To murder, plunder, rob, or fight  
 Except for the Country Good  
 But for the Welfare of the Common weal  
 His soul's contentment  
 T' spend his time in Good or Ill.



6. Not thunder, lightning, rain, or fire, shall ever  
Can draw a sigh from him, nor can he ever  
In vain their power, or spirit, or  
His Soul is Weather-proof; and boldly dares  
Drink of all waters, brist'le all eyes, and  
Blest in his quiet Contentment

7. All Creatures (he contriv'd) their being have  
That from their Cradle to their Grave  
They speak th' Creator's praise  
Thus by a good and honest Conversation  
To's Prince and Neighbours in each Nation  
He begins and ends his days

8. This is the only Man that can defy  
The frowns of human destiny  
The Cheats of th' Court and City  
That plagues not his neighbours with invitations  
Nor flatters his sense with idle ease  
T' fear envy, or what pity

Sir Feofr. 'Tis honest truth, I faith, and pithy too;  
How like You'r, Sir?

Gener. It is a Sober style,  
And merits Commendation; And, no doubt  
Th' exuberant Muse, which could thus freely sport  
On such a subject, can make lofty sonnets  
At nobler Themes

Sir Feofr. These only are the frank  
Excursions of his Wit, his strict thoughts  
Fly to an high opinion  
This flowry Bank invites our kind repose  
T's pleasant and private.

Theoph. Here a studious Muse  
Might surfeit in th' variety of scenes

Sir Feofr. This Country (if we any Reverence own  
To ven'rabl' Tradition) was once  
All Forrest, fit for th' pleasure of a King  
But doom'd to be a Colony for a poor Man  
And thence deriv'd its name of *Forest*

(11)  
Till Great Caesar by his Royall Care  
(Displanting those untamed herds) did deign  
'T should be a residence for nobler Tribes;  
Thus in short time 't was Cantoniz'd into  
Fower hundreds; by two glorious Abbeys grac'd,  
*Ramsay* the rich and *Saltry* ) with those three  
Illustrious Priors ( *St. Ives* *St. Neots*,  
*Kimbolton* ) and this pleasant Vellall Cell  
Of *Hinehing-Brook* : Nor doth she blush to boast  
Her present piety in Eighty Churches  
( Which have surviv'd the fury of th' late Age )  
Whilst seven convenient Market-rows supply  
Her publick wants.

*Gener.* Your Observation's good  
'T revive my memory.

*Sir Feofr.* Although she's small,  
She's fertile, rich, and healthful; th' water, air,  
And soyl are excellent; whilst th' *Ouse* and *Nean*  
With many interlacing Brooks do pay  
Their dayly tribute to her; Thus th' *Port-holm*  
And *Brampton Mead*, do boast their large Extent  
And pregnant Plains to parellel the best  
Of th' *British* Meadows.

*Gener.* They deserve that fame.

*Sir Feofr.* If we Consult the Heath: It must be own'd  
Blest with a serene air, and (as fame speaks)  
With salutiferous springs; If th' Woods, or fields,  
Both well remunerate th' incumbents Care;  
There *Godmanchester* glories in her Ploughs  
( Where ninescore Teams have their attendance paid  
T' our Sovereigns in their progress ) : *Brampton* here  
Luxuriates in her humble scituation;  
Whilst *Begden* ( the Episcopall seat  
Of *Lincolln-Diocese* ) on tipstoe stands  
To overlook its neighbors; the last Age  
Subverted *Cambridgeshire's* pride, which once did boast  
Under the Regall wing, *Godmanchester*  
Securely sits under th' royal shadow  
Of a noble Guardian; *Cambridgeshire*  
Or

(7)  
Smile in its eastern pediment, and claim  
Uninterrupted joys in Caesar's name.

*Gener.* Hence I perceive, neither our Country's fate,  
Or Scitnation's deplorable growth;

*Sir Feofr.* Some Kings of Scotland thought not scorn to wear  
The Title of our Earldome; which now blooms  
In th' Coronet of *Hastings*. Th' Town is self  
By th' envy of ill-natur'd time hath lost  
Much of its pristine glory; Th' Castle now  
's unknown but by its ruins; th' School-house groans  
For fresh Repairs, Yea, two of the Churches have  
Perisht by indevotion, and for want  
Of due subsistence th' rest (I fear) will fall  
Under the like disaster; without th' relief  
Of some brave Patriots; the Hospitall laments  
For augmentation of some publick Alms.

*Gener.* 'T's pity, this great and antient Town should droop,  
Under the rage of envious Time; It is  
Well seated on the greatest Road of th' Nation;  
Apt for improvement by intestine Trades;  
And by the courteous favour of the *Ouse*  
Not too remote from th' neighbor Port and *Sea*,  
But wants th' indulgent Countenance of th' State:  
None can upbraid its Loyalty; it's true,  
Th' Arch-Rebell *Oliver* here drew's first breath,  
And's Mother kept a Brew-house there; but that  
Ought not to stigmatize th' surviving Town.

*Theoph.* Cities and Towns as well as Men, may dare  
Their Rise, Growth, ruine to the Will of Fate.

*Sir Feofr.* Few Counties in so small Circumference can  
Epitomize a greater Bliss than we;  
Our very Fens (late Bogs) now breed us flesh;  
And their inbosom'd Mers Wilde-fow Land fish;  
Besides what our kind Rivers do afford.

*Gener.* We justly boast *Winklesham* to be  
Th' Mediterranean of our English Climate,  
A vivre, which in its Peripherie claims  
Near sixteen Miles; Nor's that of *Newbury* thought  
Of small Consequence though of little Extent.

For its providential Care.

Great Cromwell once within these Bounds; no more shall  
Which now have fed our Lords?

Was once his Lordship, now King James's pleasure  
To grace it with his Royal presence  
To Mountague it doth in his image  
As doth *Kimbolton* much rejoyce to see  
A Mountague, Lord of its Despoine  
And th' County's Lord *Lieutenant* both did shoor  
(Though different Branches now) from one same Root.

Gener. Fortune (it seems) delights in nothing more  
Then Variation. *Theoph.* Nothing (alas!) can  
On should, or can be certain unto Man;  
His Virtue only must perfume his Name;  
That (spight of death) 'till perpetuate our fame.

*Enter Richard and Thomas.*

*Thom.* Apox on this hard fate of  
 Younger Brothers; where the El-  
 dest (though perhaps he hath neither  
 Wit nor Manners) must run away  
 with the Estate; as if we were only  
 bred up to feed on the Reverberions of  
 his Trencher, or carry his Hawks  
 on our fist; I faith, *Dick*, if thou  
 hast but a Farm of 50*l.* per annum,  
 and I a Rent-Charge of 40*l.* per an-  
 num, it is as much as we must hope  
 for; whilst *Ralph* ( brave *Ralph*! the  
 Son and Heir forsooth! ) may keep  
 his pack of Dogs, his Setting-Dogs,  
 brace of Geldings, and what not; and take his pleasure every  
 day without controll: Yea, if he kille his neighbours wife;  
 tickle the Chamber-maid, or get a Bastard; no body dares  
 take notice of it. But shouldst Thou, or I take a dram of the  
 bottle

bottle too much; play at Hot-cockles or Barly-break with the Milk-maids, all the Country must ring on't.

*Rich.* In troth, I wonder our Ancestors should take so little Care for Younger Brothers; who being born Gentlemen, are bred up little better then Plough boys; If a little School-learning would raise us a Portion; or an off-cast preferment at Court, or perhaps some small Office about the Law might help us to a lively-hood. Endeavours of Friends might be used; Otherwise small prospect of Comfort.

*Thom.* 'Tis strange our Father *Sir Feofry*; who is reputed so worthy a person, should take no more thought of us; nor apprehend our inclinations better.

*Rich.* Pfaith, *Thom*! I believe he doth think on us; but what will thinking do good; and introth, he aims to breed us up Scholars fit for Fellowships in the University or some despicable Parsonage. Or some subservient Offices at the Inns of Court, for none of which we care a rush; We cannot dance attendance on our Books; or on our simple Pedagogues humours; and as unwillingly carry a green-bag under our arms, as a leathern Sachell on our heads; and therefore we shall never be much in his Books. Our Cousin *Theophilus* is only applauded by him; and hath his good word upon all turns.

*Thom.* True, *Dick*! he is bookish indeed! and minds nothing else. But for my part I neither can nor will feed on dead-mens brains; My Father indeed threatens to binde me to the plough-tayl, if I will not be a Scholar; But in good troth (with reverence to his gray head) I'll ramble to the East or West-Indies first. Perhaps Boy, I may get as good an Estate there by my own industry, as *Ralph* by his immogeniture, Or the best man that feeds on beer and pudding.

*Rich.* Ay, ay, *Thom*! our Cousin *Theophilus* is the only man in favour with our Father, he made lately a dull phlegmatick Sonnet (forsooth) on the praise of a Country-life; and it's strangely cryed up by my Father as a piece of great Wit; and in troth, I think there is no wit in it.

*Thom.* I saw it copyed, and gave it to *John Nimble-wit*, Clerk to Esquire *Goodman*, and he in a few hours made this ready answer to it, which I think has more wit in it then that.



Rich. Præface! let's hear it.

(The Poet's name is John)

## The Sonnet on the Country Life.

1. Unhappy'st Peasant whom malicious fate,  
Hath damnd unto this Rustick state,  
Empling'd in anxious Care;  
Whose heart's still rack'd with jealousies and fears,  
Or drench'd in th' pickle of his tears,  
Or drown'd in sad despair.
2. 'T's dull musick to whistle i' the Cart or Plough,  
As the Duties of the Land or Cow,  
Each fool knows how t' tell sheep;  
Fond fancy only doth to th' Birds apply,  
Experience in harmony,  
Or powers so charm, asleep.
3. A pox on th' study of the flowers and trees,  
Of th' subtile policy of th' Bees,  
How th' Ants in squadrons go;  
Who daily pores on the Celestiall spheres,  
To calculate ensuing years,  
Need nothing else to do.
4. He dars not trust Gods providence on th' Seas,  
Where ships as sheep seem, men as fleas,  
But loves t' snug safe on shore;  
The cloddy soul's fix'd to his Corn and Grass,  
To's Cows and sheep; Thus like an Ass,  
He never covets more.
5. He dreads to touch a sword, or fire a gun,  
Th' sight of a Soldier makes him run,  
And for the publick Good;  
Though frowns his rack with Taxes unto th' Death,  
By King or Rebels; So he breathe  
Till he's a venture's blood.



6. *Idol when unjustly forms confusion,  
Our hopes, and blast the grateful ground,  
This does pretend to be  
So wonder-proof, or to be unconcern'd;  
Such Stoicism's fit to be learn'd  
Among our Peasantry.*

7. *'Tis true, each Creature ought in spending's days,  
To magnifie th' Creators praise,  
'T' be loyal to the Crown,  
Loving to's Neighbors, honest unto all:  
But such great virtue's seldom fall,  
In th' practice of a Clown.*

8. *This is th' unhappy Man, whose fortunes lie  
Subject to all th' frowns of Destiny,  
A fool to th' Court and City;  
And th' sponge for th' Lawyers caprice; thus he  
Cannot, in truth, th' fit object be,  
For Envy, but for Pity.*

*Mr. Jeoffr.* Idle and vain! only the froth of Wit  
And product of rank weeds; my faith assures me  
(By th' long experience of these hoary hairs)  
That neither th' Camp, or Court, or City can  
Yield any species of a true content  
Parallel to this Rural state, which is  
The least obnoxious unto Vice, most apt  
For th' theory of all virtuous Arts; for this  
Many brave Princes have resign'd their Crowns,  
Philosophers retir'd to Woods, Great Bards  
To Groves and Caves; Hence many Hero's sprung  
To wield the Scepters of Imperial Thrones.

*Rich.* By my faith *Tom!* he hath out done our Cousin *Theophilus!* Oh! that my Father did but hear it, how it would  
fret him! Well, for my part I'll go to school no more, if  
my Father will not please to settle a good Estate on me,  
whereby I may live like a Gentleman, I'll into the Wars,  
and seek to cut out a good fortune by my own valour; if I  
fail, it is for my Goungtroys service, and then shall be pi-

tied at least ; if I live, my own exploits shall make me honourable.

*Thom.* Bravely resolv'd Dick! and I'll adventure one brush at Sea, or in any Countrey, before I'll stand up in hand to a brother, that can pretend no excellence but in his primogeniture, which was the act of fate not of his merit. I've Latin enough to ask for meat and drink, and common necessities, and let who will trouble his brain with Criticisms.

*Enter Ralph ( in Boots and Spurs, as ready for Hunting, his hair tyed up ) and his Foot-boy.*

*Ralph.* Sirrah! Is my horse ready, and my Greyhound?  
*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Ralph.* Is my Father return'd from *Hinchingbrook*?

*Boy.* Not yet, Sir. *Spies the foot and boy at play, and wand among them to play.*

*Ralph.* Bid the Steward tell him if he enquire of me, that I went to *Kimbolton* about 2. hours since. *Looks on his boots, his wig, &c. to see all in order.*

*Rich.* Hey-day! Look, yonders *Ralph*: See how like an Ass he looks; he is but just now up, and now for his horse and his greyhound; and yet my Father will not believe this; should we do thus we should hear of it with both our ears; but eldest sons may do any thing; they are born to be the Mothers of fondlings, and must ride on cock-horse, though all the rest of the Family go on foot. He is an Esquire, forsooth! and we, younger brothers, must be better than his Pages, and only deemed fit for hobby-horses.

*Ralph.* A pox on't! my head is so muzzy as the last night's Club, that I have not yet recovered my right senses; let the fresh ayr will not help me, I must turn in, and take a small nap at the next Town. It's happy the Old Knight is T-broad, else, without doubt, I should have met with a sharp morning Lecture. These old Gentlemen forget the frolics of their own youth, and think that we at 28 years must be as reserved as themselves at 60 years: Nor do they once consider how this Age is now fashion'd; 'Tis better to be out of the world than not a Gentleman in it. Well! let my Father take care to get and keep an Estate; my share shall

Will. I'll be joyful in my self, in that I shall in a few days for-  
 feine his pedigree, that is not guilty of some exquisite debau-  
 chery; He hath Learning enough that can quibble smartly,  
 dance nimbly, lie extravagantly, swear gracefully, be buff  
 stoutly, drink roundly, game boldly, and where confound-  
 edly: These black patches on my face are as considerable  
 marks of Honour in a Gentleman of the French mode as  
 a scar on a Soldiers: He hath something to brag on that can  
 boast of a chap, on the Green-garden gout; that is one of  
 the best Evidences, that we have seen *London*, and learnt the  
 fashions: I am sure *Monsieur* hath set up his Standard there,  
 and hath more Volunteers than *Mars* no boy with his golden  
 shield know of *Spain* out of his pocket would fees to ride  
 your hands live in his service Will. Call it at play, says to him.

Ralph. How down Will? what no to dner up but at play?

Will. Why may it not become me as well as you? you do  
 little else all day, you are idle enough, you are idle enough.

Ralph. Sirrah! I'll have you whip for your forwardness  
 Will. If every one should be whip for playing the fool,  
 your own backside would itch, I doubt.

Ralph. Why Sirrah! who do you speak to?

Will. Your young Worship, Sirrah! I shall not be dnr.

Ralph. Don't you know Will?

Will. Yes Sir, it may be better then you know your self.

Ralph. Sirrah! You are more knave then fool.

Will. There are enow bought to wear my coat, as being  
 more fools then knaves; if you please, we'll change coats.

Ralph. No! Faith, it is not fit for a fool yet Sirrah! will  
 you live with me? I shall not give you a farthing I will.

Will. No! not I, I will be no mans fool but my own, that  
 I won't; be your own fool and you will.

Ralph. What was your Father Sirrah?

Will. I am not so foolish as to know what my Mother said.

Ralph. Do you know yours? I pray better wife to him.

Will. Sirrah! I'll teach you better manners.

Ralph. Pray Sir, send me your Cap; let me see if there be  
 more wit in it then in mine.

Will. Hey day! being that you say to me, I am a fool now.

Ralph.

Ralph.

*Ralph.* Sirrah! I think you more wit. *(offers to strike him)*

*Will.* Why, Master, I hope you won't set your wits on mine? Mine is only asprawl.

*Ralph.* A pou on't, why dost take notice of a fools words? if I beat him the world will think me a greater fool than he: whose fool are you, Sirrah?

*Will.* My own and the Towne; but whose fool are you, Sir?

*Ralph.* Nobodis's Sirrah!

*Will.* I believe you are your own fool too; I am sure you are one in the County.

*Ralph.* Sirrah! I'll make the Town whip you about the Pig-market, and turn you out of doors.

*Will.* Our Town is wiser, Sir, for now the world thinks they have but one fool in it, but then the world will think they are all fools, and that I had more wit then I have.

*Ralph.* Where had you that Gingerbread, Sirrah?

*Will.* Where you may have enough if you will; taste it, it is good; why, I had it at Gingerbread-hall!

*Ralph.* Hang you, Rascal, you would abuse your own Father.

*Will.* Well! Master! let my folly learn you more wit.

*Ralph.* There sirrah! there's money, take it. *(throws a farthing on the ground, Will. knells down and takes it up with his mouth, for he cannot take it up with his hands; having taken it up, drops it into his hand and so into his pouch.)*

*Will.* This is brasse Sir! If you'll give me a groat, throw it into the hogg-trough, and I'll take it up with my lips.

*Ralph.* Ay, sirrah! you'll struggle any where for money.

*Will.* I warrant, you have given more then a groat to struggle in a worse place sometimes.

*Ralph.* Where do you carry that Pig, sirrah?

*Will.* To my Landlady, that I may lie with her to night.

*Ralph.* You Rascal! she'll eickle your Tobe for you again.

*Will.* She did once indeed whip me in the Garret, but I'll try once again; I'll now give her the Pig and say nothing; she'll know my meaning: it may be she'll be of a better mind now; at least she cannot in common honesty whip me for it; she gave me a cluck under the chin this morning! Farewell Sir, Fare you well Sir, Fare you well good Sirrah!

*Ralph,*

*Rich.* A pox on this foot! He is now so much a fool he will think him to be

*Will.* going out the door, pretending him in their debt, smatch the Gingerbread and his pouch, and in their scuffle the Pig gets loose and runs away.

*Will.* Ay! Ay! my Pig! my Pig! my Landlady will whip me, my Landlady will whip me.

*Thom.* He hath lost with his match; I think! what a brave elder Brother have we, to be *Will.* *Curious* equal?

*Rich.* Blessing on me what a Sir Fopling it is? Speak to him, *Tom!* make the fool know himself; He the honour, he's the dishonour of our Family!

*Thom.* No! let him alone! Heaven work his will; I'll try a Voyage to Sea, either to trade or fight; Fortune shall not fright me; and at my return I doubt not to discourse him up on equal terms; till then, let him dance his own way on the ropes of his fate; and one day our Father will, I hope, see his error, and be sensible, that such eldest sons have seldom better spirits, or more brains, though custom thinks them to have better blood than the younger brethren. *(Exit Ralph)*

*Rich.* Fare him well! I am now well content, we did let him pass with all his importunate follies; the sense of his indiscretion makes me the better contented with my own fortune; perhaps if I had been the eldest son, nature would have allowed me as little wit as he now hath; I wish if the Estate come to his hands, he prove honest to our Mothers Jointure, and our Sisters Portion, for he'll never have wit enough to advance his Patrimony. But fare him well *Thom!* Let us continue our Resolutions to hammer out our own fortunes, Fate may, perhaps, be so kind, as to cherish our attempts, and make the world know, that the younger brothers can make the best Gentlemen.

Adieu Books! Adieu Plough! *(Exit)*

*Sir Prof.* Bless Heaven! what unhandsome Planet rules my fate, That all my tender cares to improve the name, and honour of my Family should be Blasted by the disobedience of my Son, Our Nations Laws and Customs so install'd The Inheritance of Lands to the first-born.

*Interlude*



Intending that it should be the family's  
 And greatness of our House; for if the stream  
 Should be directed into Rivulets, it would  
 Soon lose its Name and course; And therefore the zeal  
 Of th' Parents studied to adapt the heir  
 With education proper for his Birth,  
 Estate, and Loyal Service to his Prince;  
 Whilst the younger brood deplum'd of any hopes  
 From an untayl'd Estate, should strive to advance  
 Their fortunes by their generous virtues; raise  
 Fresh Trophies to their Parentage, and be  
 Parents to a new Generation.

*Gener.* Our noblest families must own their growth  
 And Grandeur to this policy; and each  
 Ought to acquiesce in the decrees of fate,  
 And not to murmur at the Laws of th' State.  
*Sir Feofri.* But that indulgence, which to th' Eldest We  
 Have us'd, hath prov'd his ruin; whilst his munde  
 (Perverted by th' Debaucheries of the Age,  
 Concludes a dissolute and idle life;  
 Most proper for a Gentleman; and though  
 By stricter hand I have endeavour'd to keep  
 The Younger Brothers under better Reins,  
 That Moral knowledge might improve their parts,  
 And prompt them to virtuous actions; Yet my Cares  
 Finde ill success; their Brothers ill example  
 Hath greater prevalence, then all those Rules  
 And precepts my parentall influence  
 Can dictate or insuse.

*Gener.* Compose your Passion, Sir!  
 The fault's their own, not yours; and when experience  
 Hath fixt the subtle fancies of their brains,  
 They may grow serious, prudent, good, and brave;  
 And Hero-like, study exploits that may  
 Revive the honour of your House, and raise  
 Fresh life to your Reputation; That Blood  
 (Which fills their generous veins) when once it hath past  
 T's due fermentation, will reduce their sense  
 To actions meritorious of their birth;  
 Many mad Youths have made illustrious Men;



Let nature have its swing a while, You'll find  
Providence will at length reform their minds;

*Theoph.* Let reason supersede Your fears, they may  
Weary themselves in running their own way,  
And when they've circulated all, their brain  
Can now suggest, they will grow tame again;  
And then reflecting on their Errors past  
Embrace Your Counsel, and grow wise at last.

*Sir Geo.* Your Counsel claims my thanks, Dear friends; I shall  
Submit to Heav'n's good Care; they shall not want  
My best instructions; but if still they'll be  
Averse to goodness let them take their fate,  
Necessity will one day make them know  
What duty Children to their Parents owe.

*Gener.* Bravely resolv'd?

*Enter a Carrier with Letters.*

*Carr.* God bless Your Worship Sir!  
Good Morrow my good Master *Goodman*!

*Sir Geo.* What news from London?

*Carr.* I faith Sir for State-news, I will never know any;  
and then I am sure I shall never tell none, to hazard my  
ears; such matters will be best told You by your Letters  
Sir.

*(gives him Letters,*

*Gener.* What news then hast thou, that is not State-news?

*Carr.* I faith! Sir, Folks tongues at London hang loose, they  
will tittle-tattle, and talk strangely sometimes; no body is  
free from a Coffee-house lash; Every man there thinks  
himself a States man; and able to govern a Kingdom; that  
cannot keep his Wife at home or his Apprentice from the  
Ale-house; he will cry out against the vices of the Court,  
and yet sneakingly keeps his wench in Corners; or picks  
them up by nights in the Streets; There is hardly a Boy  
of 18 years old, but is Politician enough to huff the French  
King out of Flanders, and make nothing to trip up his  
heels in *Alsatia*; Or to cuff the Butterbox, if he will not  
cringe to the good *Prince of Orange*.

*Gener.* What other observations have you?

*Carr.* As for the Town it self, the stones are as proud as

ever, and as full of fools as ever ; Duckold-making is still in fashion ; he is a pitiful fellow that hath not a Mills, and she an unfashionable Gentlewoman that hath not her Gallant ; Mayden-heads are very scarce there, and hardly to be found but on the sign-posts ; Our Country-Lasses are the currentest Commodity we can carry thither ; yea, if a little crackt, they will off ; the Play-Houses are more frequented then the Churches ; an evident demonstration, that example is more prevalent then precept ; And that this is the latter age where all *Poor-Robin's* Prophecies are to be fulfilled.

*Gener.* But what do the Londoners say of us in the Country here ?

*Carr.* I faith, they say ; that we are niggardly fellows, and minde only our frumenty and our Custards at home ; and never care to come thither above once a year, to learn good breeding ! Nay, if *Westminster-hall* or the Parliament-house send not a ticket for our Gentlemen, it is Twenty to one ( they say ) if one of them will spend a night there, so that the Lyons and the Bears might be starv'd if they were only to be fed by our generosity. The other day I was asked by a Young Rascall there, about the *God-manchester* Colt, that was formerly seized on for a Sturgeon ; and of the *Cambridge* Scholar that was metamorphized into a Black hog ; And if *Tork* ( our famous Painter ) was yet living, or his eminent piece of the *Dog and Bear* still extant, that were as like as Brother and Sister ; and only distinguishable by their Inscriptions. Another Villain had the Story of my neighbour that fed heartily on boyl'd threads of Leather instead of tripes ; and of that silly Jade, that chewed glew for Marmalade.

*Gener.* Ay ! ay ! some people cannot forbear to mock their own fathers !

*Carr.* And another arch Villain could recount the late ingenious stratagem ( or indeed miracle ) at *Houghron*, where the poor Brasse-pot having run the Gante-loop through the Town, and pass'd a severe penance under the Chastisement of the hungry plowman's whip ( which was worse then the petty Lash at an Assizes ) for being too hide-bound, and not capacious enough to hold Beef and Bacon sufficient

son

for the poor Servants once a week ; Did thereupon finde so strange an extension in its Bowels, that ever since it can hold Beef, Bacon, and pudding enough for them all, even to the envy of its Neighbour.

*Gener.* Sh !—Those are idle things, we can as well laugh at the Londoners as they at us ; if we should minde them, of the neighing of Cocks ; of Corn growing on the tops of houses : Corants on the Elder-trees ; of Slaaying Geese, and plucking Rabbets. Well but how do our Countrymen there ?

[ *Carrier scratches his head.* ]

*Carr.* I'faith, Sir, they say, they may starve there for all us ! That they should think we had quite forgot them, if our kind tokens, now and then of a Goose, Chine of Pork, or black puddings, did not testify our thoughts of them. But in truth, they are of late Years very civil to us ; for they have set up a Monthly Club, which is kept the first Wednesday-night in every Month ; when in a glasse of Sack or Claret they remember You here in the Country, and especially their great Patrons ; And once a Year they have settled a Feast for the honour of our Country, where all the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen are nobly entertained at a good dinner, and the Charitable Benevolence bestowed to put out poor Children of our own Country to be Apprentices.

*Gener.* A noble design, intruth !

*Carr.* The last Year I was there, i'faith, Sir, and in good faith they had a very noble appearance, who promised the Continuation of their Countenance ! and it is pity, they had not better encouragement ; for in my Conscience they are very civil Gentlemen and study to improve the honour of our County ; God's blessing on their hearts, they have fairly fuddled me several times ; And i'faith Sir if You were there, You would confess they would fuddle You civilly like Gentlemen, i'faith all their Care is to bid You welcome enough ; for if You will find them Venison they'll make it swim in Claret i'faith.

*Sir Feofr.* Well ! Sirrah ! You will be waggish.

*Carr.* I'faith, Sir, I have been in my time a Merchant of almost all Trades ; sometimes up, and sometimes down ; and yet I live ; I know, Sir, You care not to hear of the prices

prices of butter and eggs, or such like, and therefore I only tell You, how the Wind blows there, for I love not to meddle with State-matters. And I hope Your Worship will not be angry at my free way of discourse.

*Ser Feofr.* No! no!

*Curr.* God b'w'y to all Your Worships!

*Exit.*

*Sir Feo.* Brave news! my friend! see there! [*shows him Letters*]  
*Theophilus!* here's something good for thee,  
Take post for London; th' Earl of Sandwich hath  
Provided thee a Benefice; make haste  
Thy presence will return th' best Answer.

*Theoph.* I goe;

Replete with thanks to Heaven th' brave Earl and You. [*Exit*]

*Sir Feof.* Heav'n's Bless me! here's a blessing for two Sons;  
My eldest is invited to attend  
The noble Earl of Manchester, to be

's Chief Gentleman (there I am sure he'll learn  
Nothing but worth and honour) Th' second's fixt  
A Cornet to a Troop.

Fresh joys my friend!  
My Youngest Son is by kind fate assign'd  
Apprentice to a Turkey-Merchant: Thus  
My Brother writes; and that my daughters shall  
Have equall education with his own.

These are, my friend! surprizing joys!

*Gener.* Good News!

Excellent! Nor is the publick News less welcome!  
As long as th' King and th' Parliament agree,  
I doubt not, England will securely sleep,  
And scorn the stratagems of all her foes;  
We'll all to War, rather then she shall lose  
One grain of honour; For our Country's Cause  
No blood's too dear; no tax too great; Our Hearts,  
Our brains, and hands, our purses, all must club  
T' promote the publick Welfare.

*Sir Feofr.* Yes! All must  
Contentedly Contribute to the Charge;  
Of this important War, for which success  
We are oblig'd to pray; And should not now

Be kep't from our own door ; in little time  
 We may have nothing, we can call our Q<sup>u</sup>een  
 When th' neighbouring house, is in flames ; tis good, that we  
 Consult t' secure our Walls. But whilst at home  
 An hearty Union doth Cement our State,  
 I fear no forreign Powers ! Th' French Cock may crow  
 But if our *English Lyon* angry grow,  
*France* may repent, she er'e made him her foe.

*Enter Sedulous Prudent.*

Welcome Mr. *Prudent* ! what news affords your Club ?

*Sedul.* Not much beyond the Common-Gazets ; All  
 Our care's, That Trade may thrive ; and we be eas'd  
 From these Great Taxes. The Poll-Bill strikes deep  
 Into our Pockets ; and, we hear th' Excise  
 Must be rev'd, beside the General charge  
 Of monthly Contributions ; which conspire  
 To make and keep us poor.

*Sir Feofr.* Alas ! how soon  
 We can forget what burthens we did bear  
 In th' late Rebellion 'gainst the King, then We  
 Could tamely bear the Yoak, and durst not mutter ;  
 But now have learnt to grumble ; Th' present War  
 Is by th' advice of th' Parliament, and none  
 That loves his King or's Country must deny  
 His purse and prayers for its good successe.

*Sedul.* We question not the prudence of the State,  
 And are as Loyall in our Souls, as any  
 City or Town in th' Kingdome, and would bear  
 Cheerfully all we can ; but we conceive  
 Unequal pressures cause our great Complaints.

*Sir Feofr.* 'Tis impossible to give You all content ;  
 One while the Country doth exclaim their Lands  
 Are over burthen'd, (and I finde it true.)  
 Now th' Towns resent an Over-charge ; He shall  
 Have work enough that seeks to please You all.

*Sedul.* Th' Decay of Trade makes every Man complain ;  
 Were Money plentiful, we should not grudge  
 To pay our Quota ; Trades-men daily break,



Houses stand empty, Shops unlet, and th' Poor  
Swarm at our Doors.

*Gener.* Th' great Pilots of the Realm  
Are not insensible of all our Wants,  
And will Consult our Good, Content and Peace,  
But what are the humours of Your *Club*?

*Sedul.* Truly Sir, various heads will have various Judgments. One complains, that Wooll is exported out of the Nation, and not wrought here into Manufactures; and would have all English People wear only Wollen and Stuffs of their own Fabrick; Yea! that Felts should come again into fashion, and a great penalty on the Estates of such people that are not buried in Wollen or Flanell. Another would have Wooll limited for exportation; Another all forreign Felts, Stuffs, Cloth, Paper, and such like, should be prohibited to be imported; and all this to make Wool bear a price.

*Sir Feofr.* It seems every man thinks himself to have brains enough for a States-man, that he dare thus employ his thoughts; But he is excusable, since his aim is for the publick good; and by such innocent discussions the State may the better judge of what is most rationally conducive to the interest of the Body politick.

*Sedul.* Another would have Hospiralls erected for the Manufacture of Linnen-cloth, so to keep our own Poor at Work, with our own Flax and Hemp; and all forreign Linnen to be prohibited by importation, or great Taxes imposed upon it.

*Gener.* It is a pious design to keep the Poor at work; but whether this Method will produce the desired effect by Linnen-Manufacture will merit second thoughts.

*Sedul.* A third is of Opinion, that no Mony or Bullyon should be exported, but all kept and Coyned here; another is for a free import and Export of Mony and Bullyon, and averreth it to be the way to make Mony plentiful. One is for keeping the Old Standard in our Coyn, for the Honour of our Nation; another is for the raising the value, or deteriorating the Alloy as the Dutch and French have done; or else that we shall keep no Mony in England; for thus all will flow out of it.

*Sir Feofr.*



*Sir Feofr.* This is indeed of great moment to the Nations welfare; and will deserve the best Care of the State; least the goodness or value of our Coyn make our Neighbours rich, and our selves Poor; for whilst our Mony is so certainly profitable abroad, and cannot be prevented from exportation; None will care to export our native Commodities which is attended with so great charge and trouble, and an uncertain profit; but having sold us their imported Merchandizes for our Mony, will cull out the best and weightiest for their foreign benefit.

*Sedul.* Another is for Registring all *Titles* upon Sales of Lands and Estates, and concludes that will raise the value of Lands, and augment Trade; Another avers that to be a mistaken policy, and that what is now a great mischief would by such Registry be a Greater.

*Gener.* This is an amphibious Argument, and as the World now runs may introduce as great inconveniencies as conveniencies.

*Sedul.* One would have Interest fall into 4 or 5 per cent as in our Neighbours Countreys to raise the value of Lands, and improve Trade,

*Sir Feofr.* This would be good for the Borrower; and raise the value of our Lands.

*Sedul.* Another would have the Act for *Irish Cattle* repealed; no Woollen-Manufacture to be made there; Least their present necessity force them to improve their Wits by a Forreign-Trade to our greater prejudice.

*Gener.* The Continuation is as good for some Counties, as bad for others: therefore it will meet with strong opposition; and is only proper for the decision of the best Politicians.

*Sedul.* Another is for making every County eminent for the improvement of some singular Manufacture; as some Towns at present are.

*Sir Feofr.* That is a good project if well prosecuted.

*Sedul.* Some would have a *Pol-Tax*, as most equal; and others a *Land-Tax*, Others only an *Excise*, (which would concern every man.)

*Gener.* The *Land-Taxes* have been very heavy for many Years; and therefore good reason to give some ease to them.

by a *Poll-Tax*; Though neither *Land-Tax*, nor *Poll-Tax*, is to be grumbled at upon such emergent necessities, as the present are. And truly it seems not irrational, that a General *Excise* on all edibles and potables, *&c.* should be the easiest *Tax* during this War, provided it were secured against the fear of unnecessary Continuation; witness the polricks of their neighbors in *Holland* &c. who thereby support the greatest Charge of their Wars.

*Sedul.* Some cry out, the late Dreyning of the Fens hath ruin'd the Neighbouring Up lands; and made their Rents fall; and stocks us all with Beggars; Others think it a Curse enough to live there; where they have neither good air, good water, good earth, nor good fire.

*Sir Jeoffr.* People will be clamouring according to their several Interests, True it is our Country-Up lands are the worse for the Dreyning; but without doubt it is a great improvement to the Nation.

*Sedul.* One is for the saving of *Wood*, that we should only burn *Coal*; and so help to raise Sea-men.

*Gener.* This would prove very necessary, where it can be practicable, till our Woods are better grown up; or other re-planted.

*Sedul.* But every man is for the improvement of the Fishing-Trade by a General-publick-stock; which in few Years might replenish us with Sea-men, bear all the publick-Taxes; and keep our Neighbors in more awe, then all other designs.

*Sir Jeoffr.* The improvement of the Fishing-Trade is certainly the most glorious design of our Nation; and much to our shame, as well as prejudice, that it is so much neglected.

*Sedul.* *Hearth-Money* was formerly much decried; but now it passeth prettily glibly.

*Gener.* The state found it requisite, and therefore good subjects will not grumble at it.

*Sedul.* One wisheth for an Act of Resumption; another for a Sumptuary Act, that qualities and habits may be distinguisht.

*Sir Jeoffr.* Resumption hath been practis'd in former Ages; and may hereafter be again revived; But without doubt

doubt a Sumptuary Act would be generally pleasing and advantageous to the publick Welfare.

*Sedul.* Another hath ingeniously expressed his thoughts for reparation of the decayed Trades.

*Gener.* An honest intention ; and I wish many study the same method ; and all put it into practice.

*Sedul.* Many cry out against the Growth of Popery ; and the Whore of Babylon ! And some aver, that it will be impossible to prevent them, unless we give all their *Priests* and *Fesuits* the Swedish Law.

*Gener.* Why what's that ! Man ! To gueld them ? That's an excellent way to mortify the Flesh.

*Sedul.* Another complains of that general Connivance for all sort of People to travell into foreign parts without security for their Allegiance to our King, for their perseverance in the Protestant Religion ; Or that they should never serve any State or Potentate either by Sea or Land ; Or consult any thing to the prejudice of our Nation ; Or teach any of our Trades or Manufactures to Forreyners. Whereby Many of our Trades would thrive the better, especially our Clothyers, Silk-Stocking Weavers, Printers, &c.

*Gener.* Truly, such Restraints cannot be amiss ; for many such People being fixt abroad become absolute Renegado's to the welfare of our Nation ; And value not what mischief they do their Mother-Country, so they may reap a little benefit to their own purse.

*Sir Feofr.* In good truth, I see no harm in all these discussions ; so long as people keep their ears Loyall and their tongues only nimble in such innocent discourles ; Good may come out of it for the publick profit ; and the disease being discovered let every man endeavour its Cure.

*Sedul.* Thus every Man acts *Sir Positive* in his own Opinion.

*Gener.* Excellent Diversion ! There is no harm in all this, so long as You interfere not with the matters of State !

*Sedul.* Some people will now and then begin to be extravagant with reflections upon Persons ; but by the Orders of our Club, that is exploded ; Thus We innocently passe away an hour or two, without offence to any. And I hope You will now please to pardon all imperiuncies.

*Sir Feff.* You have engaged my thanks; and when we can serve You or Your Town, Be assured our assistance both here, and at *London* shall not be wanting; In the interim, continue Your loyalty; be satisfied in the Care of Your Superiours; Reduce Your own habits and House-keeping, and expences to the ancient moderation; and You may be as happy as ever. We have a brave King, brave Peers, and a brave Commonalty; Nothing but intestine factions can make us unhappy. If the Tradesman would minde his Trade, the Country-man his Plough, and the Parson his Pulpit only, and let God alone to guide the World, We should have less care in our heads, and more Money in our Purfes. And as You are *Mr. Alderman*, a Magistrate in Your Town; study to keep the peace, to encourage the honest Labourer and to punish the Dregs.

*Senat.* In good truth, Sir, I think we may say for our Town without Boasting; That we live in as much peace and unity as most Towns; Though we are poor we are honest; We hope the good Parliament will think on some way to make our Town famous again; But, fearing my intrusion hath been over-burdenfome, I shall crave leave to kisse Your hands. (Exit.

*Enter Constable; with 2 women and a Young Man.*

*Const.* May it please Your Worship Sir, We have here brought a Woman to Your Worship that was taken last night in *Gaffer Holdfast's* Barn with this Young fellow; which she pretended to be her Husband, and he denyeth it.

*Sir Feff.* How now House-wife? What kin is this fellow to you? how come you acquainted?

*Woman.* May it please Your Worship's honour Sir; We have been acquainted two Months, and it may please You, he is an Holder forth at *Hamington*; and using to go now and then to the Exercise with my Mistress; this Young man and I grew acquainted forsooth; and upon that account he used to come hither now and then to teach me my Catechism, and at length We grew so familiar that we promised Marriage; according to the Custome of the Brethren; And our private meeting being appointed in the Barn

Barn after he had given me some familiar instructions, We  
fell lovingly asleep; and by the malice of our Plough-man we  
were seized by the Constable.

*Sir Jeoff.* Is this true? Sirrah! Who are you?

*Plough-man.* In truth Sir, I served my time in the profession  
and mystery of a Taylor, to *Annius De little*, an honest reli-  
gious man, and a very good Holder-forth, not of the sect  
(commonly called) *Quakers*, but of *Holdosfar*-persuasion, and  
this young maid being a member of our Congregation, we  
did think good to unite into one body (not according to the  
outward custom of the vain world, with a Book and a Ring,  
or by a Priest in a Steeple-horse) but in simplicity of mind;  
so that we are as man and wife, though not married out-  
wardly.

*Sir Jeoff.* What did you in the barn?

*Young Man.* In truth Sir, I thought it the privatest place  
of meeting; In truth, Sir, we did no harm there, but only ill-  
minded people came and disturb'd us.

*Const.* This other woman Sir, hath a bastard, and layeth it  
to one of the best of the Parish, and 't please your Worship.

*Sir Jeoff.* What say you, houswife, is it truth?

*Wom.* And 't please your Worships, I am but a weak  
young woman, and subject to frailties; I cannot deny my  
folly; but I pray your Worships favours, forsooth, I will ne-  
ver do so again: your son *Ralph* had the chief hand in it;

*Sir Jeoff.* Unhappy Man! what mischiefs must I hear of  
Sad Musick to a tender Fathers ear.

'T must be prevented, or the scandall'll grow  
Publick to blast our fame; But Justice must  
Run us perverted! Thus a fadual Cares  
By careless Sons afflict my hoary hairs:  
Well? houswife! I'll consider you anon.

*Gener.* It is a pretty wench, in troth; she is penitent; and  
'tis great pity she should come under the lash for the first  
fault; and for the other young fellow, Sir, make him marry;  
hey Sir, he seems to have a little remorse too!

*Young Man.* I will be contented to marry her Sir, your  
own way.



*Sir Jeoff.* No Sir, Marriage before Justices is now out of fashion: But you must have some sower sawce to your sweetmeats; You shall first have the Banes asked at the whipping-post, and then you shall marry after the outward way of the world: Bring them home to my house an hour hence, and I will give you further order about them all. *(to the Constable)*  
*Const.* And it please your Worship, There was this morning found a young childe in the Church porch, and it is reported, that the Parsons Dairy-maid is the Mother of it, and that Mr. Adam Nimble-wit (Esquire Goodmans Clerk) is the Father of it.

*Gener.* 's Body of me! my servant! it cannot be, it is only malice.

*Const.* Your Worship Sir, will please to make your man Mr. Adam to take off the childe, that it may not lie at the Town-charges.

*Gener.* Well! since he hath been dancing, he shall pay the Fidler, i'faith! I'll try his nimble wits, he shall keep it now he hath got it! A pox on his cods-head, could he finde no way to lay it to the Parson, or at some other Neighbours door: Let him suffer like a silly puppy, it is better to be troubled with knaves then fools. *(aside.)*

*Const.* Our Town, Sir, is like to fall under a further great charge, for we have above a Bakers dozen of Wenches with childe by the Souldiers which lately quartered here; and I think in my conscience, if this world last, all the Wenches in the Countrey will dance the same Hay.

*Gener.* Then there are some others (it seems) as good at that sport as my man! It is but a trick of youth which they learnt from Adam; and in truth I have been as good as it as my man; though I had the good fortune not to have it discovered, and to put them off at lesse charges, whilst they warm their hands at my Neighbours fires, and feed at my Neighbours tables; for a slice from a Cut-loaf is not easily missed. *(aside.)*

*Sir Jeoff.* In good truth, I have often fancied, that it were not only good charity but true piety to erect an Hospital for illegitimate Children, as in foreign parts, where they should be maintained at the publick charge, and bred up for the publick service; and thereby many Infants should be preserved

ved that now are starved or murdered; Many Mothers saved from the gallows, and perhaps from shame.

*Gener.* But, should such indulgence be permitted Sir, it might prove an encouragement to vice.

*Sir Jeoffr.* Not in the least, Sir, for all people are made of flesh and blood, and the meanest have their passions as well as the greatest; and nature will have its course, and if the gad fly sting, it fears neither death nor shame: and what shall poor people do that have no Estates or means of livelihood to maintain a Family? It is madness for such to marry, nor will our Countrey Justices admit it, unlesse they could give Security to the Parish: Nor can it be imagined they can be always abstinent from the injunctions of Nature; and if they should trespass our Laws in that case, it is pity they should die for it, or that the Nation should grow depopulate by such a severe restraint. Nor can this Connivance be a prejudice to virtue, for that will shine more illustrious by this soyl; Many poor souls be reclaimed from vice; and those (who are now deem'd Bastards) would be prompted to noble Exploits for their Countrey, that they might redeem the taint of their blood.

*Gener.* I am convinced; and if the State should allow so good a designe (as such a charitable Hospital) I would throw in my benevolent mite, for its better subsistence; and I believe many good people would be of my resolution; and thus in few years our foreign Colonies might be bravely supplied, our Armies raised, and our Fleets manned, without spiriting our Children, or Impressing our people.

*Const.* May it please your Worship Sir, There is a sturdy Rogue in the Cage, that will give no account whence he cometh, and we suspect him to be guilty of the late Robbery at Strand-gate hole: There is a Barn in the Town Sir, that is haunted every night with Gypsies, which fish and steal all that comes near them; so that they steal away all our Poultry, which the rude Souldiers have left.

*Sir Jeoffr.* Attend my house for further Orders.

(*Exeunt all but Sir Jeoffr.*

(*and Gener.*

*Enter*

*Enter Margery the Milkmaid, with a Pail of Milk on her head, and walking to and fro, sings a merry Ballad; which being done, Enter three Clowns, Dick, Harry, and Jack.*

*Dick.* Looks! who would be thus an everlasting slave to the fork and the rake? for my part I am quite weary of it, and am resolv'd at the next Statutes, if I cannot get a good place in some Gentlemans House, I'll go up to *London*, and seek my fortune there; at worst I will turn Souldier, and then I will fuddle, kifs and wench, and swear freely without fear of a Justice of Peace.

*Harry.* In good faith, I cannot endure this endless labour all the year, never at rest; either to cart, plough, sow or thresh; and now to mow or reap; weary to bed and early up. Well! after this season I am resolv'd to follow some other course of life; but what shall I do for *Joan*, if I go hence? there's the plague on't, ah *Joan*, *Joan*!

*Jack.* This was my Fathers Trade, and it shall be mine; I have now rubb'd out two or three years, and I will venture on it, if we work hard we are sure to have good beef and pudding, and frummetry. And I believe, Friends, your chops may water for such victuals at *London*, for folk say they make no suppers there, and those *Londoners* will laugh and make faces at you Humpkins; the Wenches in *London* too are often (as they say) troubled with a little itching distemper, called the *French Pox*, and that there are such a parcel of sitting Lassos, that they would wheadle *Sir Keesy* himself if he were among them. And they say, there are Creatures called Spirits and Kidnappers, which trapan fools into ships, and sell them to *Virginia*, *Barbadoes*, and *Jamaica*; Or wheadle them to turn Souldiers, and then send them to *France* or *Flanders*, to be knockt on the head in others Quarrells. Well! in faith, I think its better sleeping in a wholeskin at home then to go gadding to *London*, and be in danger to be whipt home again.

*Enter*

Enter three Women, Hay-makers, with rakes and forks, mowing the grass.

1. *Wom.* Blessing on me! what weather is this at this time of the Year?

2. *Wom.* The grass is still so wet; it is not fit to turn.

3. *Wom.* Holla! Look yonder are Dick, Harry, and Jack.

1. *Wom.* A pox on him! *Harry* is an Arch-Rogue, he and *Joan* did so tumble in the hay yesterday, that I believe he hath made her belly grumble as well as her head ake, that she dares not appear to day.

2. *Wom.* Good now! what doth that concern you, what *Harry* did to my Niece *Joan*? you are angry he did not play with you; whateere she did she did, no worse then you did before your husband married you; Good lack-a-day, how soon you have forgot the hovell and the pease-reck; it is brave to cry whore, first.

1. *Wom.* Marry-gap, Jil-flirt! Bold-face! may not a body speak for you? I am now a Married Woman, and what I did before I was married, ought now to be forgot; If all our faults were written on our foreheads, most women must be silent, and especially your self *Joan*-easy; remember the pot and the cake at *Houghton*-feast; it was the beginning of the world with you then, it was so.

3. *Wom.* Fy! Fy! are you not ashamed to rip up one anothers faults?

1. *Wom.* Why, what a pox aileth you? You want the shepherd under the hedge, don't you? hold your clack, or I'll give you a gift, Mrs. *Numble-obeys*!

2. *Wom.* Hey-day, what a murrain set your wheel agag? have you forgot the Miller? have a care of your own scratcht face. Dare you prate with a pox to you?

3. *Wom.* You Witches! dare you upbraid me with your stories? I'll make you to know your selves.

{ Fights with them, the Fellows look on and laugh, Margery sets down her Pale, parts them, and sets them to work.

*Exit*

*Marg.*

*Marg.* For shame be friends! what a work's here? Is it Midsummer-Moon with you, are you all mad? If my Master or Dame should come, he'd carry You all to *Sir Feofry*; and he'd send You all to the House of Correction.

[Margery takes up her pale; and offering to go away, is met by Dick, who offers to kiss her, and afterwards stooping to take up her petticoat; she having drop'd the Milkont of the Pale upon his head.]

Dick. Fye! Margery! I meant You no harm, but only to see Your green Stockins. [all laughs heartily at Dick.

*Marg.* Why, are You so rude then? Do you not consider, that there are the hay-makers; You are so Cock-a-hoop, that You can have no patience! But, stay, friend! I am not so easily won; if I would have been a light housewife; Sir *Prosser's* Clark would have kept me like a Gentlewoman, all my life, he swore he would; But stay there; my Maiden-head is for a better Market; Many a Malk-maid hath made a good Wife for a good Gentleman.

*Harr.* So *Margery*! hold him to't *Margery*!

*Fack*, *Zooks*! how simply *Dick* looks! he is sweetly white-washt; why how now *Dick*? all in the Suds? hath *Margery* put You into the Dumps? Cheer up Man! if she will not, there are those that will: But thou art prettily besprinkled, in faith.

*Dick.* Apox on't, she hath all be-flabber'd me ! and made me a very Milk-fop ; this it is to play the fool with Milk-maids.

*Harr.* Why how now *Disk*! what a pickle art thou in? But hark you *Fack*! our Country feasts will now come on apace. When is our next Countrey Feast, I know thou keepest a good account of them all.

**Jack**



*Jack.* Why? the Feasts, yet to come as I Remember,  
[leaning on his fork.]

*Ankney-bery,*

June 24<sup>th</sup>. next.

*Offord,*

July 7<sup>th</sup>.

*Stukely,*

*King-Rippon,*

July 14<sup>th</sup>.

*Bugden,*

*Flaughton,*

*Brampton,*

July 28<sup>th</sup>.

*Hemingsford,*

*Hilton,*

Some there are in *August*, but those I have forgot, And  
*Broughton* is Sept. 28.

I'll warrant thee we shall have good sport at Cudgells,  
Wrestling, and Scale pins; which (I think) is as proper a  
Recreation for us; as Bowls, Horse-racing, Hawking, or  
Hunting for Gentlemen.

*Harry.* Ay! *Jack*, we shall have good sport and good Vi-  
tualls; Frumetty, Cheescakes and Custards enough; and  
what not? Many a broken pate and broken shin at Cudgells;  
and many a good fall at Wrestling; I'll warrant you.

*Jack.* Ah! and many a Crackt Maiden-head too.

*Harry.* In troth, I'll venture to be at them all, and ha-  
zard a rub on the Elbows.

*Jack.* If I be there, I'll be for the Wenches and Fiddlers; It is  
good sleeping in an whole skin.

But, zooks man! Yonder's our Master!

*Enter Tom Clodbrain; (and at a little distance followed by)*  
*his Wife.*

*Tom Clod.* A pox on this Country-life! what horrible  
weather is here? toyl and sweat, and all to no purpose.  
Look, how all my folk stand idle Yonder, with a pox to  
them? A plague take You all, besides other small Curses!

[bites his Thumb.]  
there's the bottle and the bag taken care for; Only eating and  
drinking is in fashion with You, with the pox to You.

A Rot cram you! [stamps and frets.]

You can play the fool there, and care not what shift I make to get Money to pay Your Wages my Rent and Taxes!

*[scratches his head.]*

You fear no Rot in Your Sheep, or murrain in Your Cattle ! Your Horses ne're dye of the fashions ? A mischief take You ! zooks ! see how they laugh, and play yonder ? These two hours hath that Jade been gone to Milking ; and now she stands playing with the fellows ; a pox on your lecherous pump box !

Dor. Fye ! Thomas ! Fye ! why do you fret thus ? indeed Thomas, you do not doe well ; we cannot make what weather we please : It may be better weather — anon ! or to morrow morning.

Tom Clodd. Zooks ! cannot you let me alone to fret a little ?

Dor. Ay ! prithee, be patient ! This is not weather to work in, let them rest themselves, and *[smiles and chuckles him under the Chin]* play a little, they will work the better afterwards. Prithee, sweet Thomas be not angry.

Tom Clodd. Dear Dor ! Thou hast charmed me. I will be patient, indeed, indeed I will be patient. *[looks pleasantly on her]* though my stomach grumble to think of my Charge ; Yet I am not truly angry. But which way shall we contrive to raise our Rent, our Landlord will have no longer patience ; And Butter and Cheese will bear no prices for the Draying of the Fens hath almost undone this Country, by making all sorts of Provisions cheap.

Dor. Come ! Thomas ! It will be better weather to morrow ! And for the Fens, let them live in them, that like them. A Flood may come, and make them wish for a Noah's Ark.

Dick Good Morrow, Master ! Good morrow Dame ! It hath been so bad weather that there is no working to day.

Dor. Yes ! Sirrah ! It hath rained Milk with you. I see. You would have been sipping at the Cream-bowl. I warrant You ? Well ! Thomas ! since it is so ; Let us cheer up our Spirits, and have some sport for our Money. We'll make these idle folk dance, and for Marget, in punishment for her idleness, she shall dance with the Milk-pail on her head.

Folk. Call Blinde Anthony the Fidler.

*[Exit]*

Jack, God's blessing on Your heart, Mistress, on this Condition I would wish such bad weather once a week for the whole year long.

Harr. Looks! we shall be bravely merry. Oh! 'tis the best Mistress in the world; she is worth an hundred of my crabbed Master.

Tom. Clod. Content, let it be so! and any thing, dear Doll, for thy sake.

*Hang sorrow and Care,*

*We'll never despair,*

*Not fret at the winde and the rain;*

*But tittle together,*

*To drive away bad weather,*

*Until it be fair again.*

*Intending to sit down, he is  
presth Sir Jeoff. & Gener.*

Good day to you Sir, this weather hath made us an Holy-day; and if it may not be too offensive to your Worship, we will make our people Dance before you; it is as good being merry as sad, so saith my dear Dorothy.

Gener. Good morrow, Gaffer Clod-brain; Good-morrow Gammer.

Dorothy. Pardon us Sirs, I hope we shall have better weather when I can bring my Husband to a better Humour.

*Enter Fidler led in by Jack.*

Tom. Clod. Come, blinde Anthony!

Anth. I was not christened so, Sir.

Tom. Clod. Didst ever see thy own Father?

Anth. It may be as well as ever you saw your own Father.

Tom. Clod. What was thy Mother, sirrah?

Anth. As I stand on a Woman (by the report of our Neighbours) as most in the Town.

*Tom. Clodbr.* Thou art a fellow of a large faith *Anthony!*  
How dost know thy own Children?

*Anth.* As you do! by the faith of your Wife.

*Tom. Clodbr.* How didst thou wooe thy Wife, *Anthony?*

*Anth.* You know Sir, there are other ways to court a Woman besides staring on her.

*Tom. Clodbr.* P' faith! Thou didst scrape well when thou didst get her.

*Anth.* As long as she pleaseth me, I care not whether she please you or no.

*Tom. Clodbr.* Thou hast pretty Children too!

*Anth.* Why may not a blinde man get as pretty Children as you with both your eyes; They are not got by staring or peeping; 't may be I may know my own Wife and my own Children as well as you can yours.

*Dor.* Fye! *Thomas!* set thy wit against a fools! (*chucks him*)  
Let the fool alope; thou knowest fools will be cros; You love to shew your Countrey-wit! Come, sirrah, play us a pretty lively Dance.

*Anth.* Yes, Mistresse! but my Master *Clodbrain* will always be fooling with me; indeed Mistresse; I did not think you had been here, indeed I did not; pray Mistresse be not angry: Cross Questions must have cross Answers.

*Anthony tunes his Fiddle and then strikes up.*

*Tom. Clodbr.* Come! away with it, sirrah! play the same Tune we had at the Gingerbread-house last Saturday, sirrah! Ay, Ay! that's it! Come you Rogues, I'll make you do something for your money,

*Dick, Harry, and Jack, Dance with Three Women, with their Forks and Rakes, and Margery in the middle with a Milk-Pail on her head.*

*The Dance being Ended.*

*Fack.* Oh! what a blessed life is this, if it could last always? But this is only for Gentlemen.

*Tom.*

*Tom Cloddr.* Well, dear Doll! let's now to breakfast, and lose no time, it may be fair anon!

*(Exeunt with respects to Sir Jeofry.)*

*Sir Jeofry.* The intention of our privacy is prevented; My business will not admit a longer absence.

*(Exeunt Sir Jeofry and Gener.)*

### The SCENE.

A Bower in a Wildernesse, with an Arch in the middle, and on the Sides in the Bower sits on a Scabel, *Huntingtonia*, attired like *Diana*; and at her feet young Damosels, with Chaplets of Flowers on their heads: On each side, one Huntresse, one Amazon, one Shepherd: and sitting before her on Crickets, one Wool-carder, one Spinner, one Knitter, one Lace-maker: and on each side under a Tree, skulks a Satyr peeping: On the top, appears a large Deer, with his head and horns out of a Thicket, and behinde him an Huntsman with Bow and Arrows, ready to shoot at him, which is the Countrey Arms.

*Musick only for the Introduction.*

*Enter One Huntsman, with a Bow and Arrows, and two Greyhounds in a slip, winding all the Terms of Hunting, which is answered by the Huntsman on the top of the Bower: Then the Huntsman winds the Hunting of the Hare.*

The Song of The Hunting of the Hare, With Musick.

1. Clear is the Ayre,  
And the Morning fair,  
Fellon Huntsman, Come winde me thy horn;  
Fresh is the Earth,  
And sweet is the breath  
That melteth the rhinde from the shorn.

2. The Heavens wax bright,  
Through Apollo's Light,  
Newly come from the Ocean-Queen;



Enc. *Corydon* *Champion* *And* *1896* *11/11/1896*  
*Is a gallant game,* *monsieur* *jeu* *il* *est* *sur* *de* *gagner*  
*That is fit by a Prince to be seen,*

23. *Eight Couple of bounds,*  
*As they run on the Downs,*  
*And the Huntsmen far do follow;*  
*The footmen swiftly run,*  
*Whilst Wat starts and is gone,*  
*As the noise of the Huntsmen hollow.*

24. *Corydon was affrighted that his Lambs were so parced,*  
*To hear the shout,*  
*The Hollow and the Rout,*  
*When Wat before them started.*  
*With an hollow, lo-lo; there boys there boys*  
*When they hollowed loudly,*  
*The Earth never bare,*  
*A braver Hare,*  
*That ran more stout and proudly.*

25. *Much like a Roe, she fairly trips,*  
*O'er mountains and o'er vales,*  
*O'er th' pastures, and o'er th' woods she trips,*  
*O'er billocks and o'er dales;*  
*Then back into the Woods she winds,*  
*Through fields, through fens, through platters;*  
*And smiles to see the dogs behind,*  
*Snuffling along the lanes.*

26. *Then might you see,*  
*Proud Strawberry,*  
*Fawning, ready to hold,*  
*And Peggy Brig,*  
*With Courage big,*  
*I was pity that she was old.*

*The Hare was max bright,*  
*Through Apollo's light,*  
*From the Ocean Queen,*  
*Revenge,*

7. *Revenge, Red-rose, & Herring-fleet;*  
*Which are all of the Ferriol-Cremet*  
*They stop the hounds with a gallant breath*  
*Whilst Wattry runneth vnder.*

8. *Twivy, Twivy, Twick,*  
*Hark how the hounds, the hounds,*  
*And Huntsmen they do hollow;*  
*But Wat with nimble feet,*  
*Trips o're the Downs, the Downs,*  
*And the Troops in order follow.*

9. *Yet Wat at the last did show them a trick,*  
*Which made them all as a fault for to stick:*  
*Come away, Come away,*  
*And do not stay.*

10. *So many men, so many minde,*  
*So many dogs, so many kinde,*  
*Some lie sticking at a head,*  
*And some swear she's forward fled;*  
*But one amongst them all,*  
*Although in judgement small,*  
*Spore, that without doubt,*  
*He would finde her out:*  
*And as they try'd,*  
*And after her cry'd,*  
*With a note full merry and sweet,*  
*Whilst thus they did all,*

*On Bajazet call,*  
*Poor Wattry away did creep.*

11. *See, See, my Boyes,*  
*Where she goes,*  
*How she runs over,*  
*Juno & Jupiter, Tinker & Rover,*  
*Say-well & Nimble-foot, Captain & Dyer,*  
*Sweet-lips & Clarabell, Fair-maid & Fryer,*  
*Blackwell & Hercules, Roller & Bawler,*  
*Bouncer & Jolly-boy, Bowman & Drawler.*

*Quitting*

Gunning & Gundemore, Jugler & Jumper,  
 Tarquin & Tamerlane, Thunder & Thumper;  
 Gallant & Swift-sure, Gypsie & Singer,  
 Courtier & Merry-Lass, Lady & Ringer.

12. *Over the Mountains, and over the Vales,  
 Over the fountains, and through the pales  
 Over hills that are the steepest,  
 That do Sylvia obey;  
 Through dales that are the deepest,  
 Wat will finde out her way.  
 Stop the dogs, stay the hounds, give her more breath,  
 We will see all her tricks, before her death.*

13. *Poor Pus runs very high,  
 Some ease for Charity;  
 Stop the dogs, stay the hounds, give her more breath,  
 We will see all her tricks before her death.*

14. *Poor Pus grows very fat,  
 She could no longer run,  
 Her limbs they were so ty'd,  
 Her strength it was quite done;  
 At length poor Watty falls,  
 And dying seems to say,  
 Those whom I trusted most,  
 Did my poor life betray.*

One of the Musicians begins to sing, and the rest to play the Song of Chevy Chase; But after one Stanza he is interrupted by a noyse of 2 Huntsmen leading two hounds in a string, and 2 fox dogs; winding their Horns; and hollowing with various Notes and Tunes. But being at length silenced by the Chief Huntsman, they set themselves in Order, and dance the Hey; winding their Horns by turns. After the Dance they shout and hollow, then wind their Horns; then skulk out some Conies from under the Table; and one live Hare which is chased by the Grey-hounds; then a Fox (muzzled), which is chased by all the Dogs. Then the

the Huntsman on the top of a Bower calls to them, and shows them the Deer, at which they seem to hollow, to set on their Dogs, and sound; But *Huntingtonia* approaching from the Bower; they divide, fall back to each side with a trembling reverence. Then *Huntingtonia* approacheth, being played up by sweet and soft Musick; preceded by her 12 Nymphs in Couples; leaving a lane open for her Majestick advance. Then they standing still, she speaks as one disturbed.

*Huntingto.* Silence rude Swains! this flowry Lawn admits  
No licence to Your unrefined Wits;  
This Region's only to my Nymphs assign'd,  
For th' Innocent, Religious, Virtuous Mind,  
Whose purer Thoughts disdain all Recreation;  
That is not qualified with Contemplation;  
Nor will that gracious Bench vouchsafe to hear. [points to  
What may disgust a chaste and sober ear, the Bench.  
That pastime is most pretious; wherein meet  
What's profitable, innocent, and sweet.

*Whilst she retires backward to her Chair, which is set for her at the end of her Nymphs, The Hunters depart with great submission and reverence: when she is set in her Chair, and all is silent; at her Nod, there is first heard a small gentle Musick, to the Tune of the First Address.*

#### First Address.

*Wool Carder.*

1. Sloth merits no pity; in vain are the groans,  
The sighs and laments of all idle Drones;  
That our Backs may be cloath'd, and our bellies be fed,  
We early must rise and late go to bed;  
Our Labour's our pleasure, and our Cards do invite,  
The wearisome day to bid welcome to th' night:  
But 'tis our now prayer; Your assistance you'll grant,  
To finde our hands work, and keep us from want;

Our Cards are our best Recreation; for the Hunting  
Waste neither our time nor Horses away. the men  
set on their Dogs and lewd; But the women apply  
to each other.

After a Courtesie, she throws a bunch of Sweet-bryar to  
the youngest Steward on the right side.

Spinnet and I. convey a Jest. I open for her. The  
last night I was not I. convey a Jest. I open for her. The

2. When first to breathe Life Mankind did begin,  
Necessity instructed us to spin;

So ancient is our Artifice, that we  
From *Eve* deduce this part of Housewifery.

And though our modern Ladies now despise,  
Their Mothers own'd it, and were not less wise;

When the best Ladies thought 't no shame to be  
Th' virtuous Daughters of *Penelope*.

And your kinde Countenance, Great Patrons, will  
Encourage us t' be honest Spinners still.

After a Courtesie, she throws a bunch of Sweet-bryar to  
the youngest Steward on the left hand.

Kaister.

3. 'T no shame to be poor, so long as we strive,  
By our honest endeavours to work and to live;

For since by our care and industrious pains,  
With our fingers ends (though for pitifull gains!)

We seek a small Livelihood, each ought to cherish,  
Our innocent labour, and not let us perish;

But your favour we pray (for the good of our Nation)  
That knitting may never more wear out of fashion;

Left as this Mad world grows crazy, and reels,  
Its Clients turn Bankrupt, and run out at heels.

After a Courtesie, she throws a bunch of Sweet-bryar to  
the youngest Steward on the right hand.

After a Courtesie, she throws a bunch of Sweet-bryar to  
the youngest Steward on the right hand.

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the youngest Steward on the right hand.

After a Courtesie, she throws a bunch of Sweet-bryar to  
the youngest Steward on the right hand.



4. Nature abhors a **Beggard**; and so all  
Enjoyns some work; t' male, female, great and small;  
And every where (*except in Lubberland*)

Th' Laws of all Nations industry command:

Deign us your smiles then; for we make **Bonhe-lace**;

T' gain your and your sweet Ladies **Bonne-Grace**;

Banish the *Venetian, French, and Fitchu* brood

Of Points and Lace, And we'll make you as good

And cheaper; for whilst you this **care** **put** **upon** **A**

Strangers grow rich, and we sit **here** **undone**.

*After a Comedie, the stroms her Dunch to the Fifth*  
*Steward.*

*Chorus of false Feet.*

1. Th' whole County's grown your **Hospital**; we are  
But the Country's forlorn hope, without your care
2. W' are willing to take pains, and honest live,  
But still we starve, except you'll make us thrive;
3. Give us but work enough, and you shall see,  
We will improve your Hospitality.
4. 'T better t' keep 's at work by th' publick purse,  
Then need should make us steal, or make 's do worse.

1. W' are born and must be kept, and therefore pray,

2. You will consider what is the best way;

3. Revive your ancient pity; we implore

4. Your Charity; and pray, **Remember the Poor**.

*Omnes. Remember the Poor.*

*Dance of the Poor.*

*Then an Intervall of soft Musicke suitable to the second Addresse,*

*Second Addresse,*

*Shepherd's dresse.*

1. Though Fortune be blinde, and the World run on wheels,  
Our Innocence no Conyulsion feels;  
True Virtue hath Charms  
Against the worst harms,  
And boldly defies  
Th' most envious eyes,  
For where there's no guilt, no terror can make,  
A quailm in the breast, or the Conscience to quake,

2. Th' glories of Heav'n, of Earth, and th' first Creation,  
Are the choice Subjects of our Meditation;  
We covet no wealth,  
But safety and health;  
It's our Joy to be,  
Uncumbred and free;  
For, who will live happy in this our World; must,  
Learn't be (like us) innocent, honest, and just.

*Each throw a bunch of Conslips, Violets, Primroses,  
to the fourth Steward.*

*Chorus*

1. Our flocks yield us pleasure, their Wool yeilds us gain;  
Our Crooks are our Scepters; And thus we do reiga.  
Whilst th' Woods, hills, and dales,  
And the streams in the vales,  
To us every day,  
Our homage do pay.
2. For our sole Ambition's to rule o're our sheep;  
Thus securely we wake, securely we sleep.  
*Ambo,* Thus securely we wake, securely we sleep.

*Then an Interval of soft Musick suitable to the Third Addresse.*

**Third Addresse.**

*Amazons.*

1. Since Virtue in Cities is grown a great stranger,  
And innocence cannot subsist without danger;  
To avoid that infection,  
To the Country we fly,  
We fly, we fly,  
As our Certain protection.

2. Since Amazons, Nymphs, and Damselfs could claim  
For their female Virtues, the Lawrells of fame,  
And we them in virtues out-doe;  
Why should we despair,  
Despair, despair,  
To finde the like favours from You?

*Chorus.*

1. Women can, if they please, either love, or hate,  
Provoke our spleen, or tempt Your own fate,
2. Our Charms are so Potent; Your hearts  
Alas! have no armour of proof,  
Of proof, of proof.
1. 'Gainst either our eyes, or our hearts,  
*Amb.* 'Gainst either our eyes, or our darts.

*Both threaten to shoot, and each throw a Nose-gay of  
Roses, Pincks, &c. to the third Steward.*

*Then*

*Then an Interval of soft Music suitable to the Fourth Address.*

*Fourth Address.*

*Humvesses.*

1. Nothing in nature can our will withstand,  
We Women will You Men ever command;  
If You dare to rebell, We'll make You to feel,  
Not the showers of our tears  
But the powers of our spears: *Shake your spears.*  
We'll make You to bow

and know  
That women sometimes can have hearts of steel.

2. No envious foes can trouble our Rest  
All our misfortunes grow in our own breast;  
Our intestine distractions and jars,  
Not any forreign Arms  
Can work her th' least harms;  
For since Woman can

And Man  
*England shall not want Souldiers for her Warrs.*

*Chorus.*

1. For our Countries safety, honour, and Good  
We'll fight (as her Life-guard) and spend our best blood  
2. We'll Masculine grow, and make the World sing,  
That in these British Poles  
Virago's have Souls  
That rather then fly  
Will dye,

A Sacrifice for their Countrey and King,  
*Amb.* A Sacrifice for their Countrey and King.

*Each throw a Nose-gay of Fly-flowers to the Second Steward.*

*Then*

*Then an Intervall of soft Musicke suitable to the Fifth Addresse.*

**Fifth Addresse;**

*Virgins and Damosels.*

1. All virtues and Arts th' Old Bards did annex,  
To the feminine sex;  
And the best of all Graces those Ancients did render,  
To the female gender;  
Thus Virginity  
(Like the Deity)  
Being spotless and free,  
Had every Mans heart and his Knee.
2. Vouchsafe Your kind aspects, and our sex will requite,  
Their pristine Repate  
And make the World know that there is greater Blisse,  
In a Wife then a Misse,  
Then (like the chaste Dove)  
Each Dam'sell'll improve,  
All her virtue to move,  
Th' most flegmatick Stoick to Love.

*Chorus.*

1. Be pious in peace, be glorious in Wars,  
Their Honour in Scars;
  2. There's glory in the loss of our life, or our blood,  
For our Countrey's good.
- Amb.* Whilst thus your souls breathe,  
Just fame will bequeath  
1. The palm and the wreath,  
2. The palm and the wreath,

*Amb.* To be yours both in life and death

*Each presing a bunch of Rosemary, with the leaves gods,  
gaid in wreath of Asprell, Rose, Myrtle, Scort, and so.*



*Then very fine Musick.*

## Sixth Address: I

*Huntington.*

1. To You th' illustrious Patriots of our Land;  
 We owe the tribute of our heart, tongue, hand;  
 Be great in honour and in goodness too;  
 Let Your good Works Your glorious fame out-doe;  
 By Your example we shall all arrive,  
 To brave designs, and better know to live;  
 Protect the Innocent; let the Poor be  
 Your pious Care; keep's all from Taxes free;  
 Make *England* be the World's envy, bound to please  
 Only her self; sit Sovereign of the Seas;  
 You cannot wear Your Arms t' a better end,  
 Then to serve Your King, and th' Countrey to defend;  
 Thus We, and all Successors shall conspire,  
 Not only t' love and praise You, but t' admire,

*To the Judges and Lawyers*

2. Reverence to You great Sages of our Laws,  
 We pay; and always pray the Justest Cause  
 May Finde the best successe, that th' meanest Wight,  
 As well as the greatest Peer, have equall Right;  
 That no delays, bribes or excessive fees,  
 Bring the Oppressed Client on his Knees;  
 Lop off from th' Body th' putrid Members, so  
 Th' Weeds being pluckt-up, th' Corn will the better grow.  
 Strict Laws make honest men; small vices will  
 (Uncheckt) be Epidemically ill;  
 Impartiall Justice (rightly understood)  
 Will make all people happy, rich, and good;  
 And when such blessings meet; All Men will sing  
 (In thanks to our Laws and You;) *God bless the King.*

3. Grave, Learned, Pious, Reverend Priests! admit  
 Our poor addresse, inspir'd by zeal, not wit;  
 Sepose your towring notions; deign a while,  
 On these our lower flights to drop a smile;  
 Which neither *Mercury* nor *Saturn* plead,  
 But are allay'd 'twixt Quick-silver and Lead;  
 Your pious study is (we know) to teach,  
 What first y<sup>e</sup> have learnt; first 't' praise then to preach;  
 That by th<sup>e</sup> exemplar of your lives, we all  
 Might own your Doctrine t<sup>e</sup> be Canonically;  
 And did th<sup>e</sup> same Spirit actuate all, our Nation  
 Would not long groan under Non-conformation;  
 Each sect 'ld turn Orthodox; and every Schisme,  
 Abominate its own fanaticism;  
 And all by general Confession own,  
 There's piety in the Surplice and the Gown;  
 For whilst your Sermons and your Lives agree,  
 None will dare t<sup>e</sup> bark against your Hierarchy.

*To the Gentry.*

4. Brave Gentry, in whom Brains and Blood inspire,  
 (Quickned by better then *Promethean* fire,  
 Aptness to grand Exploits; Let all your sweat,  
 Endeavour rather to be good then great;  
 Boast not your Parents Arms or Arts, though good,  
 Virtue alone nobilitates the Blood;  
 Were your Fore-fathers the Candidates of fate,  
 Exceed them, 'tis a shame t<sup>e</sup> degenerate;  
 And if some blot hath blurr'd their Scutcheons, strive  
 By better deeds their honour to retrieve;  
 But ne're let muddy thoughts pollute the spring,  
 Be loyall to your Countrey and your King;  
 To these our Entertainment yearly come,  
 But if you're wise keep your good Wives at home;  
 London is chargeable; Your Country Dames  
 Drink as good wine as runs in the Thames;

Court not these Modish Ladies, w'thout offence,  
Yours are more glorious in their Innocence;  
Be therefore honest to them, else we doubt,  
You will return with the *Seven Garden-Gouts*.

5. Industrious Citizens, & your generous Tribe,  
Much of this high Splendour we ascribe;  
Glad that Heaven's Providence hath grac'd your blood,  
By Transplantation for the publick Good;  
Study for virtue more, then wealth; such care  
Can only merit this Lord Mayors Gown and Chair;  
Let no degenerate notions prove your shame,  
And through you stigmatize your Countrey's fame;  
He's th' greatest Bankrupt that hath lost's good name;  
But know, if all the Universe were yours,  
Th' first milk you suckt, th' first air you breath'd was ours;  
Slight not your native lay, good fruits can't be  
Ungrateful to the love of th' Mother Tree;  
We wish y' all joy and comfort in your Lives,  
Brave Spirits, good Estates, and honest Wives:  
That since your thoughts are so industrious grown,  
You may be sure your Children are your own.  
Yet let no avaritious strains be witch  
Your chief desires; 't's better Be good then rich:  
Honesty's the best policy; he's sure  
T' thrive best, whose action's just, whose Conscience pure.

After an Obeysant Courtesy, she retires to her Chair, and commands  
an Excellent Figure Dance, and then makes this Re address.

*To all in General*

6. This glorious presence of such Noble Guests,  
Turns Groves to Courts, our Countrey-cities to Heasts;  
And tells the world (secure gainst th' envious frowns)  
Our *Patric* breed Heroes, and Heroes Glows;  
Whilst we may boast to th' honour of our Countrey,  
Our Stewards are but the Stewards of your Countrey.

Who

Who thank you for your present Grace; th' next Year,  
 These Laureats pray, you'l please to re-appear;  
 In th' interim these assure you, as they then,  
 You are and shall be welcome, Gentlemen;  
 For, though w' are Annually resolv'd to Play,  
 'Ts your presence only makes the Holy-day.  
 Pardon our present Errors; Your Re-view  
 Will polish all our faults: Till then, Adieu.

*After the Dance, all fall back behinde her, as they went before her,  
 and then facing about, after her obeysant Courtesies, she re-  
 turns; But in her return, as surpris'd, she espyeth the Ladies  
 in the Gallery, to whom she addresseth.*

*To the Ladies in the Gallery.*

7. Have w' an hallucination in our eyes,  
 Or are we ravisht at this fresh surprise?  
 Th' Beauties which in that Theatre appear,  
 Seem Planets fixt above the Lunar Sphear;  
 Or Female Glories elevated, t' be  
 The prime Idea's for our Eutaxie,  
 Whose Non-pareil perfections do shine,  
 As heroine 'twixt humane and divine:  
 We'll Copy all your Excellences; do  
 In every thing, that we may belike you;  
 We will be strict Disciples to your Lessons,  
 And make your brave Examples our Professions;  
 And then we doubt not but our Sex will finde,  
 A character beyond that of mankind:  
 And though we bow to them now, they shall feel  
 Our Power and Virtue 'll make them to us kneel;  
 For 'tis a point of Faith (without constraint)  
 That Grace makes Woman little lesse then Saint.

*Flourish of Musick.*

**FINIS.**